

ROZZY PAUL & ZACKY MARTIN,
PERRAN CHERRYBEAM,
AND
SAINT AGNES BEAR HUNT.

BY I. T. TREGELLAS.

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THE ADVENTURES
OF
ROZZY PAUL AND ZACKY MARTIN;
THE
ST. AGNES BEAR HUNT;
AND
THE PERRAN CHERRYBEAM:
THREE CORNISH COMIC POEMS:

BY
I. T. TREGELLAS.

"Sunt etiam Musis sua ludicra."—AUSONIUS.


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THE ADVENTURES OF TWO
CORNISH MINERS,
ROZZY PAUL & ZACKY MARTIN,
AT
ST. IVES, TRURO, EXETER, AND LONDON.

AT Towan Porth,¹ (that's what they call
The place,) was born one Rozzy² Paul,
And there likewise did live "for sartin,"
Another miner, Zacky² Martin ;
But westward wander'd these queer souls
And labour'd in Saint Ives Consols ;³
Each rented in the town, tho' poor,
A house which boasted a " fore door,"
By which they rose to men of note,
And were entitled to a vote ;

¹ Port, or cove.

² Rozzy is a local abbreviation of Erasmus, and Zacky of Zechariah, two favourite Christian names in the locality of this poem.

³ The name of an extensive tin and copper mine near the town of St. Ives.

Potwalloppers¹ their appellation,
Who pocket bribes and sell the nation.

One day no matter 'bout the date,
Or whether fortune ruled or fate,
Or whether such was right or wrong,
(Enough for me to write my song,
And tell you of Saint Ives Election,
With all its fun and imperfection,) .
The town was all "alive and kicking,"
And friends were friends to picces picking;
Drinking, bribing, swearing, lying,
Squibs and scandal thickly flying.
Some of the mottoes hist'ry states
Were "Fish and plenty," "Hakes and tates,"
"No Scads, nor Rays," "No staring pies,"
"Starling for ever! he's a prize."

But who stands there with hat in hand,
Smiling so graciously and bland,
Another party at him snarling?
Silence! a speech—Sir Walter Stirling.

"Men of St. Ives!"—he thus began,
"In me you see an honest man,
"To do you good is my design,
"Your interest ever shall be mine;

¹ An elector who merely rents a dwelling house, and occasionally has his dinner dressed in it to give him a right of voting, is called a potwallopper.

" And soon I hope, my friends, to see
 " You independent, rich and free :
 " I'm well convinc'd it's a mistake
 " About your 'whipping of the hake,'
 " And when in parliament I sit,
 " For which it seems you think me fit,
 " For Pilchards I'll new markets find,
 " With prices sure to please your mind :
 " Instead of Congers, Rays, and Hakes,
 " Roast beef shall smoke upon your plates ;
 " The best of cheer shall be your lot,
 " And for your wives, silk gowns I've brought."

Says Zack to Rozzy, " that's *clain off*¹
 " The tother man ez but a snoff;²
 " Sir Watty Starling ez our man,
 " We'll do for he now, all we can."

With groans from some, from others cheers,
 The fam'd Sir Bullion Bragg appears,
 Full of fine promises, and " chaff,"
 And ready in his sleeve to laugh.
 He wav'd his hand, and smil'd, and bow'd,
 And thus address'd the noisy crowd :—

" Electors of Saint Ives, behold !
 " I'll make your streets run down with gold ;
 " The Indian fleets shall here resort,
 " Be mann'd and victuall'd at this port ;

¹ Clever.

² Snuff of a candle.

" When in *the House* my seat is fill'd,
 " I'll introduce an act to build
 " A breakwater of marv'llous strength,
 " A mile or two, or more, in length ;
 " I'll treble too the pilchard bounty,¹
 " Paid by the Treasury to this county ;
 " And women whom I love most dearly,
 " Shall all be votes,—I speak sincerely ;
 " I'll build for *Hakes*, you have such trade in'em,
 " A factory for marinading 'em :
 " We'll find you sales in Egypt, there O !
 " In Alexandria, and Grand Cairo,
 " Where smoking Mussulmans shall watch 'em,
 " And sell them faster than you'll catch 'em ;
 " The ladies of Saint Ives shall get
 " (The climate here being rather wet)
 " Either to use them, or to swing 'em,
 " Silk umbrellas,—mind, not gingham."

This startling eloquence of Bragg's
 Beat poor Sir Walter's all to rags ;
 His oily words, and bribes so sweet
 Gain'd his election, and his seat.

" Bribing," said Zacky, " ez a sin,
 " And Bullion tried to take me in ;
 " I seed un give a man five pound,
 " Tho't² I, 'twill be the saem all round ;

¹ The pilchard bounty of 8s. per hogshead, which was
 withdrawn about twenty-five years since. ² Thought.

"But offer'd me,—now doant'ee see,
"Instead of five pound, only three."

"Them words," said Rozzy, "too, I heerd,
"To swear 'tez so, I baent affear'd;
"I waent chaet Maestur Starling, nor .
"Be chaeted nuther,—no,—what for?
"Now this ez brib'ry—(who can doubt ut,)
"We'll tell Sir Watty's lawyer 'bout ut;"
Who very soon made out a case,
From which a lawsuit then took place;
Bullion's election must be undone,
And Zack and Roz must go to London.

"'Tez nigh three hunderd miles," said Zack,
"And 'bout the saem when we come back;
"We mustn't mind ut 'pon a foach,¹
"But ride genteelly 'pon a coach;
"For only see the time 'twould loss
"To ride to London 'pon a hoss,
"And rub us sore,—iss,² rub us baer,
"Before that we git hafe way thaer:
"No! —'tez the coach that we shall mount,
"And ride and live 'pon owner's 'count."³

Next morning early they were seen
Jogging along in Kittereen,⁴

¹ "Foach" is an old Cornish word, synonymous here with "'pon a push." ² Yes. ³ At the expense of their employers. ⁴ The old Cornish name for a covered cart.

A whole day's jolting to endure O ;
 At length they reach'd the town of Truro.
 " And now," says Roz, " we may as well
 " Find out the coach, and the hotel ;
 " Not the Rud Lion, grim and fierce,
 " But tother Inn wot's kept by Pearce."

" We're going to London, ef you plaese,
 " And shall be riding nights and days ;
 " 'Tez nigh six hunderd miles to go,
 " But we git paid for all we do,
 " And 'fore we left we hav'nt miss'd,
 " To git what's daycent for subsist ;¹
 " We've pasties here, and things beside,
 " And 'pon your coach we want to ride : "
 The Bar-maid happ'ning to be there,
 Said " Gentlemen, then pay your fare ; "
 " We know that we're a smartish paer,
 " But we baent trav'lling to no *faer* ;
 " Our bus'ness ez a grand consarn,
 " But we shaent tell, so you waent larn."

The waiter then was heard to say
 " Is it the coach-hire you would pay ? "
 " You gashly bufflehead ! " ² says Zack,
 " Dost think we'd hire a thing like that ?
 " No, weth the soadger³ we shall set up,
 " That ez ef we can clemb an get up,

¹ An advance on account of wages. ² A local term of severe reproach—a fool. ³ Soldier—the Guard.

" And, whether thee mayst like or lump ut,
 " There we shall set, and blow the trumput,
 " And when the coach do come up here,
 " You'll see us clemb like cats, my dear."

The horn was heard, and what was more,
 The coach soon stood at Pearce's door,
 Where scarcely had it time to stop
 Ere Zack and Rozzy reach'd the top.
 The coachman thought them both derang'd,
 And said the horses must be chang'd.
 " What! change they hosses, all four rud ones,
 " You'll never have agen such good ones :
 " I'm right, owld coachee, though you loff,¹
 " But you doant know when you're well off."

Zacky, not thinking it transgression,
 Of the best seat took quick possession :—
 " Aw, here's a clain off seat to git in,
 " The softest I did ever set in,
 " 'Tez like a Hin's nest,—Aw, I never!
 " Now here I'll set, my dear, for ever!
 " Shaw me the man wud turn me out,
 " He soon should know what I'm about;
 " And Rozzy, there's a plaece for you,
 " Set 'pon that cloak there, rud and blue."

The coachman cried,—“ You stupid clown,
 That's not your seat, so pray come down.”

¹ Laugh.

A dandy, stiff as stock or stone,
 And redolent of Eau Cologne,
 With glittering pin in his cravat,
 And shining silk Parisian hat;
 Rings, eye-glass, and a golden chain,
 Adorn'd this coxcomb pert and vain,
 One carrying every thing but sense,—
 Could badly brook Zack's impudence;—
 "You have my seat, Sir," said the dandy:
 "Exackly so," said Zack, "'tez handy."
 In vain all strain'd their threat'ning throats;
 There Zacky sat on cloaks and coats,
 Resolv'd in comfort there to ride,
 With Rozzy clinging to his side.

The coach must start,—“Gee up—gee o,”
 Crack went the whip,—away they go.
 On the bare seat the dandy sat,
 But Zacky didn't care for that.

Many queer things were said that day,
 And many a laugh did cheer the way:
 The night had pass'd, the morn appear'd,
 And Exeter they now had near'd

“There we'll have breakfast, Rozzy, eh!”
 “We havn't clunk'd¹ a bit to-day,
 “And as we are like gentry dress'd,
 “We'll tell 'um we must have the best.”

¹ Old Cornish (still retained) for *swallowed*.

"I'll ait a sight,"¹ says Rozzy, "shuar.
 "And Zacky, you must keep the scoar."

In a few minutes, less or more,
 The coach stood still at Clench's door.
 The waiter met them with a bow :—
 "The coach stops here to breakfast now;
 "Say, gentlemen, what will you take?
 "We've bread and butter, toast, and cake."

Says Rozzy, "Dust'a heer that man!
 "He took me for a gentleman;
 "But he doant know one man from tother;
 "Eff I be one why thee'rt another.

"I'll tell'ee, tender, we shall ait
 "A body ov ut, deffurnt maet,
 "Tummulls¹ ov bread and butter too,
 "Strong tay and milk—doant bring sky blue:
 "By coose, hot waeter will be wanted,
 "And use of tay-pot, ef 'tez granted."
 The cloth was laid and tea-tray placed,
 A hissing urn the table graced.
 "Now, tender, you may turn your back,
 "When we do want'ee then we'll knack."

"What hav 'um 'pon the tabul put?
 "A frizzing Bumshil² what they shut:

¹ A large quantity. ² Bomb-shell.

" I've heer'd about 'um in a song,
 " When to the Local¹ I belong.
 " Aw, Rozzy, ef a shud go off,
 " We're dash'd to pieces!—dosn't loff."

" Why Zack, 'twaent do like that at all,
 " There ez no powder in un 'tall,
 " 'Tez steam and waeter, lev me tell'ee,
 " And fire burning in hes belly;
 " Now, for a hinjun he's too little,
 " And 'tezn't like a tidy kittle,
 " He was a fool that found un out,
 " Why dedn't a give the thing a spout?
 " Ez that the gage-cock² there I wundur?
 " What fools they wor to put'n undur!
 " Off weth the cover, Zacky dear,
 " In weth the tay-dish, never fear!"
 " Rozzy! this waeter's boiling hot,
 " But we must try to full the pot."
 On went the dipping, and some swearing,
 But these are things not worth your hearing.

The waiter soon popp'd in again,
 " The coach is waiting, gentlemen."
 " Then lev un waite,—why what dost think,
 " We're going wethout our mait and drink?

¹ Local Militia.

² A cock, placed in the end of a steam-engine boiler, to ascertain the height of the water.

" There's one thing made us all the later,
 " We've scaled¹ our hands to git the waeter;
 " The chaerge for that I s'pose ez little,
 " I wish theest broft ut in a kittle."

The waiter smiled, and then did say,
 " You've one and ninepence each to pay:" }
 " Then we shaent pay ut—no—faer play; }
 " When you git people here to aite
 " Tell um to scorey, or you'll chaite:
 " Now thee'rt a rogue, and we do know ut,
 " We've kept a score and we can show ut:—
 " The fust ez hafe an ounce of tay,
 " Thruppence for that suppose we say,
 " There's butter fowr pence,—sixpence bread,
 " And tuppence for the milk, and trade²
 " In the laest cup we shuggur had,
 " Penny for that,—that es'nt bad,
 " That's fourteen pence, now will'ee take ut,
 " A honest man no more wud maeke ut."

The angry waiter then did say,
 " Our charges are not made that way."
 He brought *his* bill, from which he read,—
 " Tea, et cetra, butter, bread,—"
 " Citra!!—you thief, why what dost think?
 " Citra!!—what ez ut, maite or drink?

¹ Scalded.

² " Trade " in this instance signifies *sundries*; it is also frequently used by such men as Rozzy and Zacky to imply disgust,—as ugly trade, gashly trade, proud trade, &c.

"Citra!!—ez trade we never aite,
 "Nor never said bring in such maite,
 "Nor never touch'd ut,—never seed ut,
 "Nor we waent pay for't—we doant need ut."

A compromise took place, and then
 For London left these Cornishmen.

At last the Babylon of smoke
 Upon their wondering eye-sight broke;
 Churches, and towers, and spires, and dome,
 To cope with thee Imperial Rome.
 The eager, earnest, countless, throng,
 The mortal tide that rolled along,
 The whirl of wheels,—incessant hum,
 Struck for a time our trav'lers dumb.

Says Zack to Rozzy "Here's a por,¹
 "I wunder what all this ez for;
 "'Tez London faer, such millions sterring."
 "I s'pose"—said Rozzy, "'tez a berring,²
 "We'll try to know,—no hurt to ax um,
 "To live and larn hav ben my maxum.—
 "What ez ut?—say comrade,—he's gone,
 "And that's just like um every one;
 "Odd rat your empudence and scoffing,
 "You doant know nothing,—by your loffing.
 "We'll try the shops, and ax um there,
 "Where lives Sir Waelter,—how they stare!

¹ Confusion.

² Funeral.

" A pleasant man when down weth we,
 " As you or any one cud see ;
 " No pride in *he*, nor yet no strife,
 " Gov snuff to all, and kiss'd my wife.
 " Our business's in the 'Lection way,
 " Which you waent know, for we shaent say.
 " I wish you'd shaw us where's hes door,
 " And we waent trouble you no more."

Nearly three days were thus expended,
 Nor hopes, nor shoes, nor pockets mended,
 Through streets and lanes they wander'd on,
 None knew Sir Walter,—no not one,
 At last they saw,—Oh! happy sight!
 Sir Walter from his horse alight.
 Says Zack to Rozzy " Aw, my darling!
 " That surely ez Sir Waelter Starling."
 Into a mercer's shop they watch'd him,
 " I think," said Rozzy, " now we've catch'd un."

" Now Rozzy you run in the shop,
 " And I outside the door will stop,
 " While you go tell un what we've done,
 " And I'll take care that he shaent run."

" Sir Waelter Starling!—Aw, my dear!
 " Aw, what we've suffer'd for'ee here!
 " We've scores of miles ben round and round,
 " And thoft you never cud be found ;

" Besides (such baffleheaded people)
 " You might as well just ax a steeple :
 " But here we are through wind and weather,
 " And now we three will stick together."

Sir Walter puzzled *what* to think,
 Called Rozzy mad, perhaps with drink ;
 Quite frighten'd poor Sir Walter grew,
 " Pray tell me mercer what to do."

" Why how are you like that ? " said Zack,
 " Eff that's your fun then we'll go back ;
 " There's *nothin* here but pride and spite,
 " While down weth we you're all polite ;
 " And here we've ben and risk'd our lives,
 " And com'd to London from St. Ives,
 " To try in paerlyment to git ee,
 " And swear to things we thoft wud fit ee,
 " And ————"

But Rozzy now being recognized,
 The Baronet apologized,
 Shook hands and smiled, and press'd them hard
 To dine at six, and gave his card ;
 " The number of my house is there,
 " Sir Walter Stirling, Portman Square."

The card excited their surprise,
 They star'd, then look'd exceeding wise,
 Strange speculations floated through
 The pericraniums of the two.

“ Ez ut a teckut¹ who can tell ?
 “ Let’s know hes wuth—we may as well ;
 “ ‘Tez deffurn’t quite from them we’ve seed,
 “ But neither thee nor I can read,
 “ And eff we ax this London crew
 “ They’ll loff and loff—that’s all they’ll do ; ”
 “ Besides ” said Rozzy, “ they’re so wicket,
 “ They’d sooner steal than read the tickut.”
 So both agreed (to make it clear)
 They’d to an Inn and get some beer ;
 This done, the reck’ning they would pay.—
 “ Tender, my dear, come here this way ;
 “ This tickut we shall trust to you,
 “ And from un take what ez your due,
 “ And eff you can, please so arrange
 “ To give us silver weth our chaenge.”

The waiter read the card with care,—
 “ Sir Walter Stirling, Portman Square.”

“ Go on,” said Rozzy, read’n through,
 “ Read all that ez upon un, you,
 “ We know wot’s wuth, but we shaënt tell, }
 “ Because a man dress’d up so well }
 “ As you, all languages shud spell ; }
 “ The tickut ez for pounds we know,
 “ Read all up ovvur and below ;
 “ Sir Waelter Starling, Portman Square,
 “ Ez only paert ov what ez there.”

¹ Equal to a cheque, and frequently used at Elections.

Says Roz " now this ez my belief,
 " That thee'rt a liard and a thief."—
 The ticket snatch'd with angry air
 And off they went to Portman Square.

Reader—the waiter, never fear,
 Had *coin* not *ticket* for his beer.

With some adventures and rebuffs,
 And now and then some fisty-cuffs,
 At length arriv'd this funny pair
 In the long sought for Portman Square.

Says Zack to Rozzy, " look around,
 " Ten thousand housen I'll be bound,
 " And all so laerge,—Aw! Zack, my dear,
 " 'Tez kings and things like that live heer!
 " And now we're in we shaent git out
 " Eff we doant mind what we're about;
 " To go all round 'twill take 'tell dark,
 " So 'pon this house I'll put a mark,
 " And when that mark agen ez found
 " We know by that we've ben all round."

For the first knock our heroes toss'd;
 Says Zack, " I'm right, for you have lost."
 Up Rozzy went and knocker seized,
 Began to knock.—His comrade pleas'd—
 " Throw to un Rozzy, never fear;
 " Throw to un harder, that's a dear!"

Encouraged thus, he knock'd, nor stopp'd
 Till out a liveried servant popp'd
 With powder'd hair and gaily dress'd,
 Red breeches and a yellow vest,
 His coat of light celestial blue,
 And tassels on his shoulders, too.

Rozzy retreated in a fright
 At seeing such a wond'rous sight,
 When at a distance made a stop :
 " Your Majesty!!—no hurt I hop ;
 " Plaeze to forgive us this eer time,
 " For we arn't come here 'pon no crime,
 " We're honest men, both Zack and me,
 " And kings are things we sildum see."

The servant soon withdrew his head,
 The door was clos'd, and Rozzy said,—
 " I never seed so grand a thing,
 " A rud and blue and yallow king,
 " All pleasunt, too, he was I thoft,
 " And like the rest up here, he loff'd."

Next Zacky knock'd, tho' much afraid,
 At which out popp'd a servant maid,
 So gaily dress'd, that Zack mistook,
 And maiden for the mistress took :
 " Your Ladyship, I hop," said Zack,
 " Ezn't affronted by my knack ;
 " We've had a desmal time, d'ye see,
 " Both for Rozzy and for me,

" We've left our cheldurn and our wives
 " About a 'Lecture for St. Ives.
 " Now look at that there tickut there,
 " Said he, ' you'll find me in this square,'
 " But we're like whems going round and round,
 " And he we want he caent be found;
 " You'd better read hes name, my darling,—
 " A gentleman—Sir Waelter Starling."

Sir Walter now appeared in sight
 And very quickly put them right,
 Invited them to walk inside,
 With which both Zack and Roz complied,
 But being doubtful of their treat,
 Says Zack,—“ there's nothing here to ait; ”
 “ And I doant know ” said Rozzy “ how
 “ It ez, but here's no denner now;
 “ Eff you doant mean to taeke us in,
 “ Look sharp and have the denner in.
 “ Now hum, when we do have a troil,¹
 “ Some of the flesh we're sure to boil,
 “ And at St. Ives or Towan Poth
 “ The fust thing ez a dish of broth,
 “ But as for you up here—to-day
 “ You've *nothing* in the aiting way;
 “ Eff we weth Bragg had mind to go
 “ I doant think he wud sarve us so.”

“ You do me wrong,” Sir Walter said,
 “ In yonder room the dinner's laid.”

¹ Old Cornish for feast.

Said Zack, "this room will do, my dear,
 "And I shud say let's hav ut here."

But while our heroes thus were prating
 The dinner was announç'd as waiting.

Now, reader I am quite unable
 To mention half that grac'd the table:—
 Beef and mutton, soup and fish,
 The rich contents of many a dish,
 Which block-tin covers kept from view,
 And were the cause of much ado.

"Sit down, my friends," Sir Walter cries,
 But Rozzy staring with surprise,
 And drawing Zacky to his side,
 Some whisper'd secret did confide;
 Then, with a sudden rage possess'd,
 He thus his wond'ring host address'd.

"Sir Waelter Starling, here we ar,
 "And 'tez for you we're cum so far,
 "About your 'Lection for to sweer,
 "But we shaent do ut never fear;
 "I spose these folk are come to loff,
 "And when we're gone, to take us off;
 "You gashly cheats, we'd sooner die
 "Than ait your lattice, or to try;
 "I'd hav'ee know we both 'know tin'
 "Too well for you to take us in,
 "Tho' in the mines we both can break ut,
 "We arn't such fools as try to ait ut:

" That's lattice there,—we know the name,
 " And tin and lattice ez the same,
 " You think perhaps because we're tanners,
 " We'd try to ait ut for our denners;
 " But you,—nor we,—nor norry¹ one,
 " That ever liv'd this eerth upon,
 " Cud ever chow or clunk such trade,
 " And 'tez for deffur'nt purpose maed,
 " So loff or cry at what we've sed,
 " We're off you gashly bufflehead!"

" Stay," cried Sir Walter, pray sirs, stay,
 " I mean you nothing but fair play;
 " Under these covers will be found
 " Wherewith to please you, I'll be bound."

Said Zack " then show ut eff 'tez there,
 " Seeing's believing everywhere."

But neither Roz nor Zack would wait,
 So anxious both to *see* the meat;
 Each flung the covers to the floor.
 " Now this ez something like ut,—sure,—
 " This ez clain off, Sir Waelter, eh?
 " Throw every lattice thing away,
 " And lev us see and smill ut, too,
 " But aiting's better than the two;
 " 'Twas desmal when we fust cum'd in,
 " To see there nothing but the tin;

¹ Local perversion of neither one.

" But now there's flesh,—no man can doubt ut,
 " And we waent wait no longer 'bout ut ;
 " Throw to ut for our lives, say I,
 " Giv me some mutton, and I'll try,
 " 'Twas mutton that I fust ded see,"
 " Mutton," says Zacky, " too, for me."

Sir Walter's guests now fell to work,
 And well they plied the knife and fork,
 Slice after slice did vanish quick,
 Altho' Sir Walter cut them thick.

Now Rozzy made a sudden stop,
 Says he, " Sir Waelter will'ee swop¹
 " I've got the fat, and you've the lain,²
 " Swop one for tother's what I main."
 This was as quickly done as said,
 The rude exchange was quickly made,
 And Rozzy's fork which took the fat
 From Stirling's plate, the lean brought back.

Many such strange things did occur,
 Nor did Sir Walter once demur,
 For as they came his cause to favour,
 He'd rather wink at such behaviour,
 And only laugh'd, while they laugh'd more,
 And kept the table in a roar.

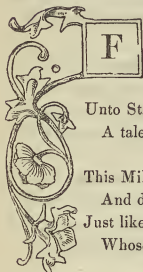
The dinner pass'd (for dinners pass),
 And each had had a social glass,

¹ Exchange. ² Lean.

When 'twas agreed by all, that they
(Our Cornishmen) the following day,
Should to the House of Commons go,
And strike the great decisive blow ;
So Rozzy and his comrade went,
Like grander men, " To Parliament."
The adventures there which them befel,
I have not room or time to tell ;
How in the Commons' House they swore,
And made the folk with laughter roar ;
How brazen barristers were vex'd,
And lawyers with their words perplex'd ;
Suffice to say, they gain'd the case,
And bragging Bullion lost his place.



THE
ST. AGNES BEAR HUNT.



FROM Mithian came a Miller
sly,
His name was Mealydue,
Unto St. Ann's¹ prepar'd to tell
A tale he swore was true.

This Miller was a hoaxing blade,
And dearly lov'd a joke,
Just like the other Miller Joe,
Whose book delights the folk.

The Mithian Miller now arriv'd,
Began with solemn air,
To spin a most terrific yarn
About a *Yallow Beer*.

A host of miners throng'd around,
To hear the story out,
And with 'em Captain William Peard,
To know what 'twas about.

¹ St. Agnes.

"The Beer," says Mealydue to Peard,

"Ez laerjur¹ than a hoss,²

He landed fust at Perran sands,

From furrin³ paerts across.

"He must have cumm'd right ovvur say,⁴

And 'tez the laargest Beer

That ever any man ded see,

Aw, Cappen Peard, my dear!

"He ez the ugliest, fiercest Beer

Ov all that ez of Beers,

A yallow pois'ning one he ez,

Aw, have a care, my dears!⁵

"For 'tez but blow hes gashly breath

Upon ee once like that—(*blows*)

You're gone for ever in a wink,

Duff'd⁶ dismal like an' flat.

"You've fust⁷ five wherls aroun' and roun',

Exackly like a whim,⁸

Three jumps, and then the job ez done,

You're stiff in every lem.

"He've kill'd two hundurd cheldurn dead,

That I can swear ez true,

I seed'n clunk⁹ one cheeld myself,

Aw, loar! what shall us do?

¹ Larger. ² Horse. ³ Foreign. ⁴ Sea.

⁵ Local term of endearment. ⁶ Struck. ⁷ First.

⁸ Whim. ⁹ Swallow.

“ He took the cheeld athurt¹ the back,
 And weth one dizmal squat,
 He tore the babby lem from lem,
 Then ait’n like a cat.

“ The cheeld’s poor faether and two more
 Kept shutting² stone and bale,
 But that he minded nothing—no—
 He never mov’d hes tail.

“ They might as well have full’d their guns,
 Weth dough, or like that there,
 And shut agen the hedge, as ’twas
 To shut agen that Beer.

“ But now he’s coming to Church-town,
 More cheldurn to devour,
 He’s such a monster, he would aite
 Five hundurd in an hour.”

The Captain listened to the tale
 With horror and affright,
 And thus the gathering crowds address’d
 Their courage to incite.

“ We caent³ stand this eff we be men,
 To see our cheldurn dear,
 Toar lem from lem, and their hearts’ blood
 Suck’d by a furrin Beer.

1 Across. 2 Shooting. 3 Cannot.

"Aw, lev¹ us rise—aw, lev us rise!

My nibours² lev us rise!

We'll kill the monster eff we can,

Or teer out boeth hes eyes.

"Lev every man that ez a man,

And every boy that ez

As laerge as little men, git arm'd,

'Tez murder as it ez.

"We'll arm ourselves weth ugly things,

Stones, biddickses, and boards,

And picks, and dags, and showls, and gads,

And bagonetts, and swords.

"Then lev us go in millions down

To Dirtypool³ —and mind,

Up to Wheal Kitty arterwards,

Where thousands we shall find."

So off to Dirtypool the throng

Of Cousin Jackies⁴ went,

Up to Wheal Kitty, where they stopp'd,

As if by one consent.

Then Captain Peard so eloquent,

A fresh speech did commence,

Remarkable for energy,

And most *uncommon* sense.

¹ Leave. ² Neighbours. ³ Village near St. Agnes.

⁴ Local term of derision.

“ Lev all your hinjuns¹ idle stand,
 Lev noan to work be found,
 Doant lev a kibbal down a shaft,
 Nor lev a whom go round.

“ Both tutwork-men and tributers,
 And halveners I say,
 Lev every man that ez a man,
 Come foathe weth we to day.

“ Be quick and turn up every reck,²
 Lev all your buddles² go,
 Your trunks² and coevurs² never mind,
 To day it must be so.

“ Your cobbing-hammers² weth'ee bring,
 Cale up the deffurrt coors,
 And every stem-man³ lev un come,
 And they that's 'pon the floors.”

Now when the marshall'd host so strong,
 To Goonlaze Downs did reach,
 Peard, like a valiant general, made
 This very warlike speech.

“ All you that know'd what sodgering was,
 When you belonged unto
 The great say-fencibles,⁴ shaw now
 What Cornish blood can do.

¹ Engines. ² Recks, Buddles, Trunks, Covers, and
 Cobbing-hammers, are articles used in Tin-dressing.

³ A man paid at so much per day. ⁴ Coast guard of 1800.

“ And tho’ you’re owld, click-handed¹ some,
 You’ll fight, I’m sure you will,
 You all wor soadgers, so you wor,
 So do be soadgers still.

“ Now my dear men fale in, fale in,
 I main they to the right,
 And keep they there upon the lift,
 All pleasunt like, and tight.

“ Keep all together, and be sure
 Lev no man run away,
 We’ll shaw ourselves a living wale
 Of fighting men to-day.

“ And now my dears squeeze hum, squeeze hum,
 To tother end, now do,
 A row of faethurs² lev us be,
 That nothing can go through.

“ Ten thousand ov us fighting hard,
 To save our darling dears,
 Be bowld comrades, I say be bowld,
 And face a thousand Beers.

“ When nigh the Beer, shut boeth your eyes,
 But nigh us now he esn’t,³
 Doant think upon the things that ez,
 But think ’pon things wot’s pleasunt.

¹ Left-handed.

² Fathers.

³ Is not.

“ Cheer up, cheer up, and courage take,
 A dismal time ’twill be,
 Some must be kill’d we know by coose,
 And some by coose go free.

“ Lev they that have got biddickses,
 And dags, and things like that,
 Go right before the tother men,
 To give un the fust scat.

“ And now my dears, when I do say
Go foathe! lev every man
 Cry out *Go foathe*, and sure enough,
 Then go foathe every man.

“ Then stap by stap, and side by side,
 (It makes my blood run cowl’d,)
 We’ll shaw to every glazing eye
 We’re bowldest of the bowld.

“ That we doant care for furrin Beers,
 Nor nothing ’neath the moon,
 To shaw ’tez so then lev us pitch
 The laest new berring tune.¹ ”

Then in array of battle march’d
 These Totles² full of fear,
 Declaring that they would destroy
 This “ cheeld-destroying Beer.”

¹ Burial tune.

² Local word for fools.

They seem'd no soldiers of the line,
 Because no line they had,
 But higly-pigly as they went,
 They formed an awkward squad.

O'er shoading heaps, and pooks of turves,
 They stumbled as if blind,
 And blind no doubt most of them were,
 For fear the Bear they'd find.

Great Captain Peard, like Ajax brave,
 Kept bawling, in the rear,
 "Hurrah my bowldest of the bowld,
 Doant never *seem* to fear!"

But lo, a horseman now appears,
 They know him at first sight,
 "'Tez Doctor Chaerls! 'tez Doctor Chaerls!"
 They cry with all their might.

Now "Doctor Chaerls," who knew the joke,
 Puts on a serious face,
 Consents to be their leader brave,
 And every danger face.

"Doant lev us, Doctor Chaerls," they said,
 "No—you we mus'nt loss,
 He waent touch you, we're sure he waent,
 Upon that gurt hoy¹ hoss.

¹ Great high.

“ But eff to you he shud come up,
 Doant turn yourself about,
 We’ll fale upon un, scores ov us,
 And squat the life ov’n out.”

The Doctor, laughing in his sleeve
 To see the Totles’ fright,
 Proceeds to rescue the poor DOG,
 Which could not bark nor bite.

Not bark nor bite, say why?—because
 A muzzle held his snout:
 Which, spite of his defenceless state,
 Got sadly knock’d about.

The stone and bale that had been shower’d
 Upon the creature’s head
 Would, had he been as other dogs,
 Have surely laid him dead.

And now this *philocynic* man,
 (I’ve coin’d a word to suit,)
 Instead of murdering poor bow-wow,
 Unmuzzled the poor brute.

“ Aw, Doctor Chaerls ez bowld indeed,
 He must be maez’d or drunk,
 He’s feard for nothing,—zackly so,
 He’ve gov’n drugs to clunk.

“The drugs will surely make un sleep,
Aw, how he ventures foathe!
And out ov the great head ov’n,
He’s pulling every tooth.”

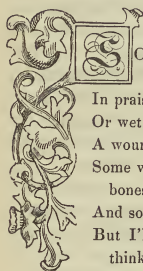
Now hark,—the shouts of victory
Are heard from end to end,
As to “Church-town” these conquerors
Their eager footsteps bend.

The bells rang out right merrily,
Now hear the piercing fife,
While flute and fiddle help to give
The dance new fun and life.

These men of valour, Cousin Jan,
Would look confounded queer,
If for their partner in the dance,
They had a “Yallow Beer.”



THE
PERRAN CHERRYBEAM.



SOME bards may strike a glorious tune

In praise of woman or the moon,
Or wet your eye 'bout war or love,
A wounded sparrow, or a dove ;
Some weave a dirge on mould'ring
bones,
And some upon a heap of stones ;
But I'll write something new I'm
thinking,

About Dan Daddle and Jim Linkin,
And what befell them, verse I'll put in,
And the uncertainties of "shutting."
For sporting tales they'd heard with doubt,
Says Dan to Jim, "We'll find um¹ out ;
A gun or musket we will borrow,
And shutting² go all day tomorrow."
As both agreed, away they went,
And many a weary hour they spent,

¹ Them.

² Shooting.

And many slips had they and scrambles,
 And many scratches from the brambles.
 Returning homeward, cold and tired,
 Their sport a blank, their gun unfired,
 Says Jim to Dannell Daddle,—“ Dan ! ”
 And thus Jim’s sage remarks began :—
 “ All they that shut, both great and small,
 And bring hum¹ game, are liards² all ;
 There’s they there burds³ no soul cud⁴ shut um,
 Now tell me Dannell Daddle, cudd’um⁵ ?
 For only lev um⁶ see your eyes,
 They flop⁷ their wings, and ’way⁸ they flies ;
 And when a burd ez⁹ flying, simmy,¹⁰
 No man ’pon eerth cud shut’un, Jimmy ;
 For ’fore your gun ez to your showlder,¹¹
 And you are grow’d¹² a little bowlder,
 He’s gone clain off and out of sight.”
 “ ’Tes zackly¹³ so,” says Dan, “ you’re right ;
 But as we are for shutting cum,
 We’ll try the churchyard ’fore go hum ;
 The dissles¹⁴ ’pon the hedge I’ll see through,
 That ez eff¹⁵ I can git my knee through,
 I’ll look all round the Tower, and round
 The Church,—Aw ! Dannell ! Dannell ! cluckey
 down !¹⁶

1 Home. 2 Liars. 3 Birds. 4 Could. 5 Could they.
 6 Let them. 7 Flap. 8 Away. 9 Is. 10 Seeming to me.
 11 W, as here sounded in shoulder, is the general sound of
 the letter *u* in Cornwall. It is difficult to spell shoulder,
 &c., as pronounced in Devonshire. 12 Grown. 13 Exactly.
 14 Thistles. 15 If. 16 Squat down.

And crib your flent¹ —not much you need'n ;
 I've seed² a bender,³ Dan ! I've seed'n.
 Hes eyes are zackly like two watches,—
 I doant care nothing for my scratches.
 Now put dry powder in the pan,
 We'll shut un, Dannell, eff we can.
 Doant be affeard,⁴ my dear be bowld,
 Nor doant'ee shake so eff you're cowl'd ;
 For hark'ee, Dannell !—only listen,—
 The burd's so laerge⁵ thee cussn't miss'n.⁶
 Keep up your heart, doant mind hes size,
 Nor doant be frighten'd weth hes eyes.
 Now doant'ee shake so, Dan,—be bowlder,
 And *tie* the gun up to your showlder ;
 Then rest'n 'pon the hedge, my dear,⁷
 Hat off you knaw,⁸ and never fear ;
 Right through the dissles put your gun,
 And stank⁹ upon my back, my son⁷
 And doant forget to say your grace,
 And mind your aim, and mind the place ;
 And when your gun have got feer¹⁰ play,
 Shut both your eyes, and fire away."
 The gun was fired, the Owl fell wounded,
 And Dan from Jimmy's back was grounded ;
 And though not injur'd by the fall,
 Was sadly frighten'd,—that was all.

¹ Renew the edges of the flint. ² Seen. ³ Synonymous with wopper or wollopper,—very large. ⁴ Afraid.
⁵ Large. ⁶ Cannot miss him. ⁷ "My dear," "my son," &c.,—terms of endearment in common usage with our Cornish miners. ⁸ Know. ⁹ Stand or step. ¹⁰ Fair.

But neither frights nor fears were lessen'd,
 When they into the Churchyard hasten'd,
 Where lay the bird with outstretch'd wings,
 Its eyes and claws seem'd dreadful things.
 Their former boldness all had fled,
 And Dan to Jimmy gravely said :—
 “ Aw ! Jimmy dear !! Aw ! Jimmy dear !!
 Whatever have us shut to here ?
 We're lost and gone !—Aw ! lev us run !
 I wish we'd never seed the gun !
 It zackly like a burd ded¹ seem,
 But we've a shut² a CHERRYBEAM !
 I've seed hes pictur 'pon the slat,³
 Hafe⁴ a hanjull,⁵ hafe a cat ;
 But in hes pictur you waent⁶ find
 Hes leags,⁷ nor any paert⁸ behind ;
 For out of sight these things they keep,
 Because they'll cut hes pictur cheap ;
 But we have stopp'd hes flying, Jimmy,
 And now I s'pose he waent forgimmy ;⁹
 Aw ! no ! we're gone !—we arnt¹⁰ down here !
 We're brockun buddles,¹¹ Jimmy dear !
 And who do know where we'll be put to !
 But wornt¹² he like a burd to shut to ?

¹ Did. ² We have shot. ³ Slate,—the prevailing material for tomb-stones in Cornwall. ⁴ Half. ⁵ Angel.
⁶ Will not. ⁷ Legs. ⁸ Part. ⁹ Forgive me. ¹⁰ Are not.
¹¹ A strong local sentence, implying that their corporeal identity had suddenly ended with the supposed crime they had committed, and that they were now nothing more than broken bubbles. ¹² Was he not.

The shuts¹ are in, and there they'll stay,—
 Aw!! Jimmy! Jimmy! cum away;
 That ez eff we can waelk² a bit,
 We'll try from this here place to git,³
 And to the Passon's⁴ go to,—Hey?
 That ez, eff we 'pon eerth can stay,
 And able for to speak, my dear;
 And eff the Passon he can hear.
 But tesn't⁵ so.—Aw! eff he cud!
 But we doant LOOK like flesh and blood.
 Aw! Jimmy, dosn't⁶ touch the gun,
 And lev the shuts there every one.
 Aw! eff the Passon wud be kind,
 And speak things pleasunt to our mind,—
 And eff he cud but be our friend,
 This ugly job might pleasunt end;
 Eff he wud say no hurt was meant;
 And though we're fools we're innycent,
 That we arnt shutting men indeed,
 And Cherrybeams we never seed,
 And taelk⁷ like in a pleasunt way,
 I s'pose we shaent⁸ be sperrits,⁹ —Hey? ”

* * * * *

The Parson though a merry man,
 Most *gravely* heard the tale of Dan.
 And then, whether 'twas from love of fun,
 Or hatred to the poacher's gun,

1 Shot. 2 Walk. 3 Get. 4 Parson.

5 It is not. 6 Do not. 7 Talk. 8 Shall not.

9 Spirits or ghosts.

Declar'd as penance for their crimes,
 That they must dip themselves three times.
 "Now Sirs," said he, "you see that pool,
 Therein your bodies you must cool,
 Nor move from thence till break of day;
 And if my orders you obey,
 Nor e'er again will touch a gun,
 I then will see what can be done.
 But as for charms there'll be no luck in,
 Unless you give yourselves a ducking."
 Straight to the pool they ran and stripp'd,
 And through the ice they boldly dipp'd;
 And when their penance they had done,
 And Parson had enough of fun,
 They came out shaking, dripping, shiv'ring,
 As dogs which had been thrown a river in,
 And homeward went in doleful plight;—
 A crowd collecting at the sight,
 Took pity on their wretched case
 And raised a fund upon the place,
 And Dan and Jim began to bawl,—
 "We shaent be sperrits after all."

THE END.

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Tregellas

The adventures of Rozzy paul and
Zacky Martin

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